

Dear Lud and Mike,

3/11/89

Thanks for your letters of the 9th and their enclosures, which I'm glad to have. I was not able to put as much time on The Pentagon Papers as I would have liked and knew only generally of the content to which Prouty devoted so much time and so effectively.

There was an announcement three days before JFK was killed and one when that policy was changed. I had copies from the Wash. Post. I did take a quick look for the recording of my interview with General Gavin and was not able to pinpoint where those tapes are.

I don't know if Ludd's offer to come down and classify my tapes is for real but that would be no easy chore in part because for so long I was broke and in part from the intensity with which I worked, taking time only for what really had to be done then. This changed, of course, with the onset of my medical problems. But in general I have quite a few if not most in one particular area. I also have a some, both reels and cassettes, in my working files. And I gave quite a few to Univ. Wisconsin, Stevens' Point, where I had planned to deposit everything. (I had good reasons for changing the ultimate deposit to local Hood College.) I never kept any kind of lists and I did not list what I sent to Wisc. Some of the reels, and I'm pretty sure this does not include anything else, are the initial reactions to Whitewash, which was the first book. I was so broke then I used both sides and that makes cutting them up impossible unless, as is quite possible, they are not worth all that much. I had in mind that sociologists might be interested in spontaneous reactions. These were all telephone, done with primitive equipment, a suction-cup mike. (There is a doozer Lifton bit there that I remember pretty clearly. *The first value* *- with pop by in eff. for 1980s*)

Before explaining my limitations and problems, something I do not want to forget. Lud refers to the killings of people like Kilgallen and Mae Brussel. They were not killed. I'd not heard from Mae directly for ~~many~~ years but once in an emotional moment she made me her heir. She was authentically sick and for some time I knew she was in terminal illness. Penn Jones went ape with the actuality of Kilgallen and I am the source of some of it, misrepresented and exaggerated. There was a time when the makeupman at New York's Channel 5 was fond of me, or interested in, from some memorable confrontations I had there. He was also her makeup man, he told me. He said, as I now recall the last time he made her up that she said she'd gotten something worthwhile when she interviewed Ruby and was going to do a column on it. (I believe she taped her interview with Ruby.) I know of no reason not to believe the attribution of her death to ~~her~~ with alcohol and pills. And I have every reason to believe that there was nothing of any consequence Ruby could have told her. Moreover, if there had been, he had many other opportunities and didn't use them and I am inclined to believe that he would not have lived long enough to die of real cancer if he had. I spent the afternoon and early evening of the day he was buried with one of his lawyers, Elmer Gertz, who'd been at the funeral. He was without doubt that there was no hankypanky with the cause of death. ~~and~~ I am, Ruby was sick in the head a long time and did really ugly things. Like regarding his dog Sheba as his wife and according to what the SPCA was told, treating her as his wife. These wild stories are invented by people who believe them and they take hold and are credited. There were not really mysterious deaths of which I know. I refused to do the ~~pieces~~ on them the Times of London wanted and got from Penn Jones, who sired all those bastards.

I've been of reduced physical capability since 1975, when the first venous thrombosis was diagnosed in my ~~right~~ leg. I had a left femoral bypass in 1980, it was successful but was immediately followed by clots breaking loose. They could not get at those below my left ankle and that was a major handicap that is permanent. The next April I had a total blockage on that side, a close call, and I was thereafter more limited. But much, much more able than when in January 1986 a local plumber who has a urologist's license went out of his way to give me more venous blockages in both legs and the left thigh. I can't stand still in front of file cabinets to search and refile. I can handle stairs infrequently only and have to use the railings and I'm not supposed to sit still for more than about 20 minutes at a time without walking about a bit. I've had to sit with my legs elevated for

✓ The Ruby Sheba story is not wild. Give what she the SPCA had.

a decade and a half. Right now I'm typing sideways. I have all my FOIA records and most of my working files and those on the FOIA litigation in the basement and retrieving them and then refiling them is too much for other than a brief period. However, until the left femoral bypass I worked very long hours and was at least as able as most men my age. I'll be 76 in less than a month. We have 5 acres plus, more than half woods, and I used to mow the whole thing, including some of the woods, by hand, including steep inclines. We live on the side of a mountain. Therapy for almost a decade has me at a local mall when they open and walking until recently for three hours. This meant I walked until pain made me stop, when I sat and rested with the left leg elevated, then walked again, etc. Now the new owners limit us to two hours before they open for business. So, I begin with a hunk out of each day and can do less for the rest of each day. I work at home before I leave mornings any time beginning about 3:30. Lately I've been annotating some of the new crap for a professor friends, and that is time consuming so it was inefficient. I can't sit at a desk and do this because I must keep the legs up. I hold the books and write on them. (books)

So, there are many things I'd like to do, want to do very much, but without help it is not possible. And I can't afford help.

There are interruptions for medical visits and they break the days up more. I live on a high level of anticoagulants and the clotting time of the blood has to be tested twice weekly. etc etc.

This is not a catalogue of complaints. If you sleep as well as I do you are blessed. I take the required diuretic before bed and it gets me up nights and I'm never a minute before I'm asleep again. I'm enjoying the reading I gave up to work as I did and I try not to miss Orioles and Redskins games and rarely do. I spend time with students and like it, I help others even when I do not like it or them and I do what I can, I think as contentedly as could be expected. I don't know what taking a painkiller means although I do have severe pains in the therapy but they are transitory. Can't remember the last headache and threw at least the last 3 or 4 bottles on tylenol away unopened when they were out of date. I can still work fairly rapidly for a short period of time but have not tried to find out how long since the prostate operation slowed me down much. This past week I did a 4,000 word draft of an affidavit in support of a lawsuit to get the R&K FBI records without redaction of SA names in a bit less than a 24-hour ^{name} ~~time~~ period, including driving into Frederick to mail it, while keeping my normal routine with all its interruptions and taking my wife out to eat either two or three times. I'm not saying the writing is as good as it was but that is not bad output. However, I did almost all of it sitting with no record searchings. I had all I needed at hand.

I'm trying to explain why I can't now undertake to go through all those tapes to find Gavin. I also have other things I have to get to not the least of which is suing this pisspoor apology for a urologist and the local hospital. I have to be my own lawyer because at my age and with the limitations of Maryland law the malpractice people believe they can't collect enough to make it worthwhile. I have to get back to that soon now that the State agency notified me, in today's mail, that they've gotten some of the records stonewalled away from me. And I've not the slightest notion where I can get a specialist to be a witness for me.

Lud's Dear Journalist letter: Good. And where do you get those white slips that adhere and you can run through a typewriter? All I've seen here are yellow, I use them, but they've no backing to keep them from sticking to the machine. Now on AIDs, and understand to begin with that I can't come close to proving it, but some years ago I heard a report that it was started locally and got out of hand by accident during testing, as I recall in Haiti. Maybe Africa. Fort Detrick was part of the Army's CBW until Nixon switched it to cancer research and ended CBW at least there, from reports. CIA had a base here, as you may recall from the death of an Army employee who was in the CIA's cell at the base. He was killed in an LSD test. Fine fellow, left fine family. I knew a son and the other son practices with our dentist. The story I heard on this includes a mysterious death away from here of a man supposedly involved in it. I doubt that even if true this can now

be proven.

I'm glad to get JFK's school registration and think I know some children who'll love copies.

On the Khoumeniacs and the protest, there were phoned bomb threats here that did not make the papers. I was almost in one of the places when the threat was made during the ~~last~~ early morning. Wladenbooks is in the mall where I walk.

Thanks for the offer of tapes of what I said but I don't have that kind of ego and would not take precious time to listen. And I don't subscribe to any of the assassination newsletters. I'm reading OK again (cataraat removed from my better eye last November but some of the stitches will remain for another two months) but I use my reading time for serious reading or entertainment, mostly the former. and records I get. I got some from the CIA two days ago that I've not yet read. I don't think there is much in them or I'd not have ~~get~~ gotten them.

On my materials, except for the tapes and the fact that some disclosed records are in the files of the litigation by which I got them they are in pretty good ~~sh~~ shape. I'll have to go over a great volume of records to remove the government records filed with the lawsuits stuff and then refile and that I'm not going to tackle for a while. But I've got all the FOIA records exactly as I got them, all filed and identified and bound in serialized volumes. And in the basement, with the overflow of working files my small and crowded office will not hold.

I've begun to give the local college, Hood, some of the things I know I won't need. Perhaps this weekend this will include the bulk of the CIA's mindbending files of which I gave them about a fifth for use of a student doing a paper on it. I had to box them to get the file-cabinet space. I've about 60 cabinets, a few empty awaiting filling and the others mostly filled.

I sure hope Fletch finds a way of including the content of the NSAM not yet released and that Navasky accepts his offer of an article, which I've not expected. I've challenged him on another subject and enclose a copy.

Thanks to you both and best to you and yours,

Harold Weisberg

Harold